A POEM on the Happy Return of His most Sacred Majesty King *GEORGE*. Humbly Inscrib'd to His Royal Highness the PRINCE.

Novemb. 1719.

The People's Prayer, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young-Mens Vision, and the Old-Mens Dream:
Thee Saviour, Thee the Nation's Vows confess;
And never satisfy'd with seeing, bless.
Swift, unbespoken Pomp thy Steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name. Dryden.

BRITONS rejoice! your *Io-Pæans* sing!
Record the Day returns Great *GEORGE* your King:
From that Auspicious Moment date your Joy,
Beyond the power of Fortune to destroy.
All *Hydra*-Faction at his sight shall fly,
And grov'ling on the Earth, in sad Confusion lie.
All-bounteous Heaven, the Guardian of our Isle,
With cluster'd Blessings on our HERO smile;
Ne'er may his Race of smiling Offsprings cease
To bless our Empire, with Eternal Peace.
The Joyful Populace in Heaps appear,
To view the Darling of the Hemisphere;
And tho his Form the Clouds of Darkness shroud,
The Rays Divine reveal him to the Croud.
When the loud Engines (Terror of the War
Open'd their brazen Throats) were heard from far,
My Exalted Soul dilated, Pleasure fill'd,
And every Vein with happy Transports thrill'd;
My Joy was much too great to be express'd,
'Twas, sure, Divinity that fill'd, my Breast.

So when the Dove, the Messenger of Peace,
Brought *Noah* Tydings of the Water's Cease,
The Favourite of Heaven look'd all around,
And view'd the new-born World that late was drown'd;
The wondrous Change commanded every Thought
On Great *JEHOVAH*, who that Wonder wrought:
He rear'd his Hands, and rais'd his joyful Eyes,
With grateful Hallelujahs to the Skies.

Then,

*ER7. A 100. 719

Then, Peace enſu'd to all the Sons of Earth,
And Nature clap'd her Wings at this Great Second Birth.

SURE *GEORGE* muſt be the Favourite of Heaven,
(And happy thoſe, who have ſuch Monarchs given!)
The changing Winds with-held their dreadful Roar,
Till the Great Hero reach'd our happy Shoar:
Then with a whiſtling Terror rang'd the World,
With Wave on Wave tempeſtuous Fury hurl'd;
Regardleſs, *Neptune* ſends his Rage around,
And *Æolus* the trembling Barks confound,
And our white Cliffs with whiter Froth abound.
Long may Great *GEORGE* in full Contentment live!
And all the Rancour of his Foes ſurvive!
May poiſon'd Faction, with its *Hydra*'s Head,
Prey on itſelf till Envy's ſelf is dead!
But when, tho late, the grieſly Tyrant, Death,
With impious Hands dares ſtop our Monarch's Breath,
May Choirs of Angels watch about his Urn,
And holy Tapers on his Altar burn;
May his lov'd Memory for ever laſt,
The Joy of Times to come, and Glory of the paſt.

YET when our Tears and Sorrows are no more,
For hopeleſs Grief muſt in the Grief be o'er,
May from his Urn and glorious Aſhes riſe
That Son, whoſe Actions muſt the World ſurprize:
The Son of ſuch a Hero bright muſt ſhine
Great like himſelf, and like his Sire Divine;
Tho like the Sun o'er-clouded from our Sight,
Thoſe Clouds once paſt, he gives a fairer Light,
And all the Day ſeems to our Eyes more bright.

SO when the Son of Wiſe *Ulyſſes*, hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, o'er the diſtracted World,
Mentor the Guardian of his ripening Years,
With wholeſome Counſels diſſipates his Fears;
The unknown Deity his Veſſel guides,
Calm and unruffled o'er the Billows rides,
Till Fate ſhould call him to his native Shore,
Then Grief and anxious Care ſhall be no more.

LONDON, Printed for W. CHETWOOD at *Cato*'s-Head in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*; and W. BOREHAM at the Angel in *Paternoſter-Row*. 1719. (Price 2 *d.*)